

The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR. NO. 15.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, MARCH 30th, 1912.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Jasper's Note Book

Some years ago Edmonton voted the money for a public library site. They expected that the institution would come into existence at an early date. The need for it has been very great. There is certainly no city of the size and pretensions of the Alberta Capital on the North American continent that is utterly without the means of self-education which such a library affords. But apparently the library board, having been authorized to go ahead with the project, lapsed into a state of somnolence. The word "apparently" is used. The members may have been doing something, but so far as any results are to be seen, the movement may as well have never been.

Many who consider themselves old-timers, as things go in Edmonton, probably received their first intimation that steps had been taken to secure a public library when on Monday night Ald. Lundy stated that negotiations would be re-opened with Mr. Carnegie and that if he did not come through, the citizens would probably be asked to vote three quarters of a million dollars towards the scheme.

Have we then been waiting for Mr. Carnegie to shell out a larger sum than he was disposed to do under his established practice? Why should not a start at least have been made with the money that he was willing to grant? The best libraries have not been erected in a day. They are a matter of growth and it should not be necessary to spend anything like three-quarters of a million to give the city a building that will serve the purpose quite well enough at first. But we do want something done and at the earliest possible moment. Plans can easily be arranged by which a general scheme may be adopted that can be carried out in its entirety with the growth of the city and the consequent demands upon the institution.

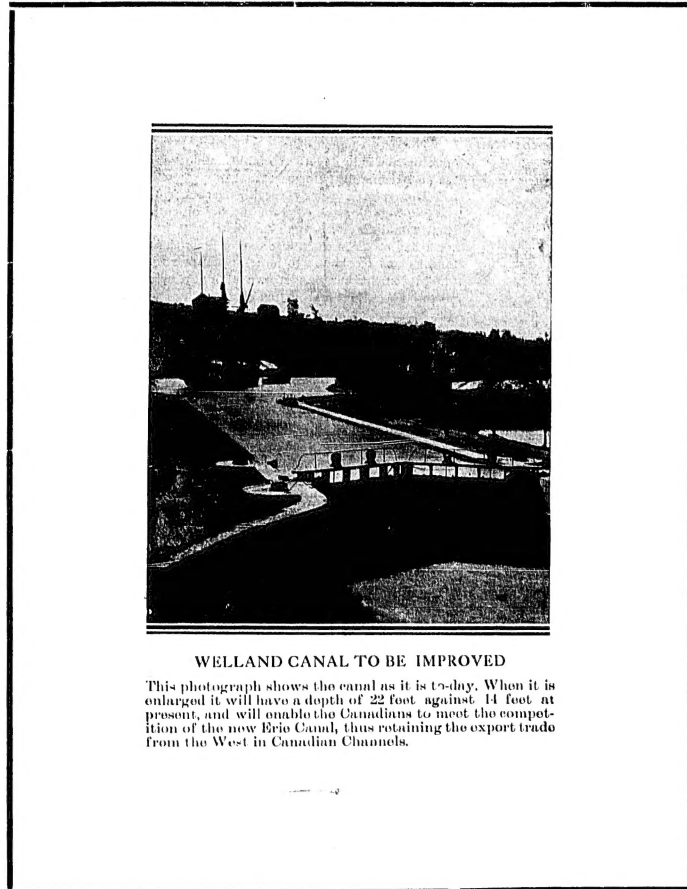
The Council has very wisely decided that the property on College Avenue opposite the proposed library site should be purchased. Five years from now the hill-side park which is to be laid out there should be one of the show-spots of Edmonton. With the G. T. P. hotel just adjacent, corresponding to the Chateau Frontenac, Edmonton should have something here that will mean as much to it as Dufferin Terrace does to Quebec. The purchase on the south side of the street should be followed up by securing for public purposes all the land on the north side clear through to McDougall Church. This would prove the best kind of an investment.

The by-law providing for the erection of a six-story municipal building on corner of Queen's and Elizabeth street, opposite the city square, passed by a large majority, as did all the other by-laws submitted on Monday. The more this solution of the city hall problem is considered the better it appears. Such a building could serve a better utilitarian purpose than a city hall of the accepted variety, while to have the square laid out as an attractive open space would do more to give beauty and dignity to the surroundings than any ornamental building, whatever its architectural merits.

A recent issue of the Scientific American has a drawing to illustrate the changes that are to be made in the City Hall park in New York, which has peculiar interest to Edmonton. So desirable does it appear to the people of that city to have a dignified civic centre that it has been determined to tear down two enormous buildings that have been erected in close proximity to the City Hall, the post office and the court house, and the ground they occupy will be left open. The city hall is retained in the centre more for its historic interest than anything else. The departments are housed in a many-storied office building that has been just completed on property facing the square.

The building that is to go up in Edmonton was regarded as affording but a temporary solution. But the chances are that it will prove the permanent one. It can be added to as time goes on and the municipality's needs increase, much more easily than could be done with an ornamental structure in the centre of the square. Both from the standpoint of economy and appearance, the move that has been decided upon is the proper one. But now that it has been made it should be followed up without delay by transforming the square itself into something worth while.

The Council shows a disposition to treat the proposition to supply the city with power derived from the Saskatchewan river in the same fashion as that for the establishment of a gas plant a few weeks ago. Ald. East again expressed the opinion that he



WELLAND CANAL TO BE IMPROVED

This photograph shows the canal as it is to-day. When it is enlarged it will have a depth of 22 feet against 14 feet at present, and will enable the Canadians to meet the competition of the new Erie Canal, thus retaining the export trade from the West in Canadian Channels.

did on the former occasion. "This is a municipal ownership city," he declared, "and any private proposition to obtain charters to run public utilities which comes before the council I intend to fight on the ground that we stand for municipal ownership."

This is pushing a theory to an absurd length. Municipal ownership is in itself neither right nor wrong. What we want is to secure what the citizens require on the best terms possible. Private control has its advantages. Greater economies of management can be introduced, and so long as no unfair exactions can be guarded against, it is foolish for the municipality to take fresh burdens on its shoulders.

The company which wants to supply us with electric power may or may not have a proposition that it would be wise for us to accept. That can be determined when the details are gone into. But the Council should at least see what kind of a bargain can be secured from them, and if one that appears reasonable can be obtained, the people should have a chance to say what they think of it. There is absolutely no reason for assuming that in connection with all undertakings and under all possible conditions, the people are determined to have municipal operation.

Chief Commissioner Mabee, when in Edmonton the other day, expressed the opinion that the people here were being charged too much altogether for their coal. This is a view which cannot be successfully disputed. It is stated that the men engaged in the industry in this vicinity are not making fortunes out of it. This may be so. But if it is, it means that the methods employed are deficient. No city that is built on a coal bed should be required to pay \$1.50 per ton, as has been the case all through the present winter. Cheap coal should be one of the great incentives to come and live in Edmonton. But our publicity agents cannot honestly hold it out under existing conditions.

Possibly the time will come when the public will not be as dependent as it has in the past on the coal merchant. Professor Allan, of the University of Manitoba made a calculation the other day that if a person could secure a pound of radium, he could keep his house warm with it for a period of two

thousand years. Here's hoping the radium supply will rapidly increase!

It is a long while since a song has played an important part in politics. It is true that during the election of 1896 the Liberals of Canada rallied to a ditty of which the refrain was "We'll ring the knell of boodling boys." But some way or other it did not catch on and when the party came into power was of interest mainly as a wheat to the sarcasm of the other side.

But it looks as if one has been taken up on the other side of the line that may rival in a measure "John Brown's Body." You see references to it in the American political news daily. Here it is, as it was sung during an intermission in the proceedings of the Missouri Democratic convention by a delegate from a mountain district:

"Every time I come to town
The boys keep a kickin' my dawg aroun';
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
They got a quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

"Sambo, lay that banjo down,
You good fur nothin' triffin' houn';
Makes no difference if he is houn',
You got a quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

"Every time I go to school
The teacher lams me with the rule;
Makes no difference if I am a fool,
She's got a quit lammin' me with a rule."

"Sift the meal an' save the bran;
You can't grow taters in sandy lan';
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
You got a quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

"My dawg Drum is a good ol' houn',
Trails the 'possum on the driest groun';
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
You got a quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

Its literary merit may be disputed. But everywhere throughout the country Democrats are now shouting:

"Makes no difference if he is a houn',
You got a quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

As a rallying cry for the "under dog," who looks for protection against the "interests," that are so frequent a subject of reference by the American politician it promises to have a startling effect.

A despatch from Reno, Nevada, has this to say: "Canada is now second only to New York State and Massachusetts in the number of contributions to the membership of Reno's divorce colony, fully thirty women being here to-day seeking divorce from various parts of Canada, among whom are several residents of Toronto said to be of prominent families. The number of arrivals has noticeably increased in the past three months, Alberta having the largest representation of all the provinces."

This is news indeed. Apparently more than the climate has been responsible for the winter exodus from the province that we have heard so much of.

Much has been written as to the shameful abuse of the rich natural heritage that has been given us in this part of the Dominion. The problem which is involved is unquestionably the most serious that we have to face. Can nothing be done to put a stop to the methods which enrich a few individuals and impoverish the country?

Dr. J. W. Robertson had something to say the other day in connection with the work of the Conservation commission which should bring us up with a start.

"Manitoba," he declared, "could at one time be classified as a good farming province, but it is not entitled to such a classification to-day." His investigation had covered many farms throughout the province, and it was found that 46 per cent. of those under investigation showed a falling off in their products during the past few years. The reason for this serious state of affairs was, said Dr. Robertson, the fact that the principle of crop rotation had been ignored. A further reason was that seed was not sufficiently selected. The result of this was that wild oats had increased throughout the province more than 100 per cent. within the past few years. Such a hold had it gained, indeed, that it had become a menace to the community in so far that it had threatened to force certain farmers to give up their land and leave the district.

An alarming increase of the weed was reported from all over the West. Dr. Robertson urged that the commission use every effort to have something practical done to remedy the evil, and advocated operating a few farms to demonstrate the advantage of rotation of crops.

But how much will mere demonstration accomplish? The individual cannot be persuaded to consider the effect on the country's future. Is it not necessary, then, that he should be forced to.

The reply which the Duke of Connaught gave the other day to a deputation of the Six Nation Indians that waited upon him to present the greetings of their people, affords one more bit of evidence that the governor-general is more than measuring up to the requirements of the post. When he came to Canada with the Wolseley expedition in 1870, the Duke was made a chief of the tribe. In his reply presented His Royal Highness said:

"Brother chiefs of the Six Nations: I have heard with pleasure the words which you have read, and I thank you for your expressions of friendship to myself and of loyalty toward our great chief, King George. I shall inform his majesty of the terms of your address, and he will be glad to hear news of the Six Nation Indians. Your loyalty he knows well, for it has been always true and proved by the past history of your race. I shall be glad one day to visit you and to smoke the pipe of peace, though I fear that of those chiefs who sat with me in the council forty-two years ago, none are now living. "Though they are gone they have handed down to their successors the healthy and dignified traditions which have always characterized your people. I hear on all sides that your progress keeps pace with that of the great Dominion which is your home."

"When you return I wish you to tell the old chiefs, warriors and people that Karah-Koff sends them his greetings, and wishes them an abundant harvest, health and happiness."

The Calgary Herald publishes a cut of a very fine ten-storey building which its owners propose to erect at the corner of Seventh Avenue and First Street West, where the First Baptist Church now stands.

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MISUNDERSTANDINGS

By Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson

A stream laughed merrily the live-long day,—
It laughed, too, in its sleep,—
While on the bank a willow, silver-gray,
Did nothing else but weep.

"Do serious moments never come, O Stream?"
I asked impatiently.

It answered, "I am doing what I deem
My best to cheer that tree!"

I asked the willow if it never smiled;
It only shed fresh tears.
"To change the flippant nature that child
I've wept, alas! for years."

One morning, a day or so ago, while we were still at breakfast, there bobbed in at the front door a breezy, energetic fellow, who with all the assurance of an old-time college chum, demanded to see the master of the house, and, having had his wish granted, proceeded to apostrophize him in the following manner:

"Ah yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!"
"Good morning, sir, good morning!"
"Beautiful morning, sir, beautiful morning."
"Quite like spring, yes, quite."
"Your face, sir, seems familiar. I almost seem to remember you, sir, I do indeed."
"Yes, I wanted to speak to you about a little business matter—I have here, sir, the works of that great Irishman—what's his name—oh, stupid, stupid, stupid! Ah, yes, Edmund Burke," etcetera, etceterum.

The master having explained that the baffling familiarity of his face arose, no doubt from no less interesting a circumstance than that they had lost Edmund Burke together a day or so ago in his down town offices, his extoller made a hasty exit, assuring my liege lord "that he hoped that there was no harm done, sir, no harm."

I suppose that book agents, like the wares they peddle, come in all sorts of editions.
Forgetful ones, and smooth ones, and glib ones, and stuttering ones.

Usually they spell Edmund Burke like this—Bread and Butter.

They really don't care a hang for that great Irishman, or some other big Englishman, or any history or romance under Heaven outside of their own little personal one. But some firm has assured each one of them that Edmund will sell like hot cakes to you. Result: Such visits as the one I have just described.
Far from blaming the exuberant gentleman for his momentary lapse in the matter of a name, I rather, on the contrary, took a notion to him. He is one of the bluffers of life, whose main stock in trade is their nerve and good humor. He reminds me of a mischievous school-boy, snatching a sly look at a text-book, after lessons have been called.

Edmund Burke means nothing to him, but a lesson with a puzzling name. He has no curiosity to peep between the pages and discover for himself just what role he filled in life, or why he himself and others like him, are going about disposing of his works. He is like the real estate agent who was overheard last week, assuring Harry Woodruff, star actor of "The Prince of To-Night" company, that we had minerals very near here. In fact, that they had coal in quite large quantities up at Athabasca Landing.

At school I'll lay you a bet neither was ever noted for accuracy in the matter of his lessons.

Yet in such hands rests the thing called Fame. What's the use, anyway?
After a life spent in a fitful fever to be and accomplish, to be referred to as a What's His Name. Why a Heinze, or a Pears, or an Armour, get better treatment.

Gold is so haunting. Genius and True Worth seem at times so effervescent.

More honor to those who keep the faith and plug ahead living up to the best that is in them.

There are a few of them left, I believe. You usually find them walking, or taking the street car.

Some things puzzle me. In fact, a great many things.

R. B. Bennett does, for instance, when he holds forth on the iniquity of people who get-rich-quick out West. R. B. wears such smart clothes himself, and by popular reputation has such a tidy bank account.

The City Fathers who house of Edmonton as

such an up-to-date city, yet haven't got a street sign up from First Street to Tenth.

The City Commissioners, who allow Jasper avenue on a windy day to resemble nothing so much as an Arizona dust-storm.

The great and only Health Department, who permit conditions in some of the big office blocks, that would do credit to a slum district.

I had occasion to go into one of them this week, and had all I could do to force myself to go up the dust-laden, banana-skin strewn stairway, with the abominable odors that floated all about, to conclude the business on which I had come.

A little less pow-wow-ing on the Isolation Hospital question and a few more preventive measures taken to ensure the health of those who are normally healthy, would go a long way to make Edmonton a happier and more wholesome place in which to live.

But it isn't only the sins of the Municipal bodies that trouble me. Individuals arouse quite as much wonderment in my mind. I wonder so many people who are acquiring wealth rapidly in the town, profiting by, and so abetting, the means used to promote or advertise its wonderful growth and possibilities, lose no opportunity to shake their heads over the fictitious value of the real-estate holdings.

Listings on their own property are all above, or at, market value.

They don't hesitate to accept exorbitant prices, or what they say they believe to be such, but personally they consider affairs in a very shocking state indeed. Very shocking.

I wonder why it is always the woman who never till the crack of doom would naturally receive any attention herself, who invariably talks the most about the women who do.

I wonder why plain women who can't wear picture hats, generally pronounce them instruments of the devil.

I wonder why people become so public-spirited when they have something at stake themselves. I wonder why a "lot" turns out so often in reality so little.

I wonder who ever told Harry Woodruff that he was a two-dollar-a-seat man.

We may have money to blow in, out West, you know, but a silly man who looks as if he had been on one, is too common a sight to pay two dollars to see, with only the glamor of the footlights to help him out.

I wonder why so many people tell lies about how much they appreciate music.

I wonder where all the people drank tea before the moon went "Blue."

Indeed I spend most of time in speculating. Wish I had more money to get in the game.

Next to Edmonton, Calgary is surely the most hospitable and go-ahead city in the West.

Calgarians used to rail at Edmonton, and Edmontonians slap back with some good brisk talk about the lying propensities of the little burg, its wind and dust storms, and the large-sized heads required by its citizens. Now we all know better, like, and understand each other.

We are big enough to appreciate the good qualities possessed by each.

Of course, just at first Calgary is a bit dull after the Capital.

I mean in a business way.

But the minute you comment on this, they rush you off to see their Sherman Grand—and when they talk Sherman, believe me, the less said about "our" opera houses, the soonest mended. It is a magnificent theatre. I doubt if Montreal can boast its equal, and Toronto certainly has nothing on it, in either point of beauty or capacity.

I went twice to see Mauteil, and the exquisite settings of the superb Shakespearian plays, demonstrated the possibilities of what an actor can accomplish, provided he has space and a fair show for his scenic effects.

Over the actor himself, I am not prepared to be quite so enthusiastic.

He has always been too stagey to please my taste, and this last visit of his has done nothing to alter my impression.

I went out on Sunday to the Country Club. There's a Club worth while if you want. The Clubhouse is all that such a house should be. Commodious verandahs, a living room almost literally built round a huge, cheery fireplace. Shoals of room in the dining-room for all sorts of parties, bedrooms

Continued on Page Five

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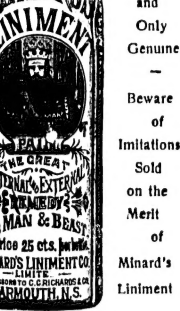
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EDMONTON

A "Labby" Ghost Story

Some forty years ago I took the lease of a small bachelor house in Bolton Street. I do not give the number because possibly some old lady lives there now whose repose I might disturb. I took the lease over from the representatives of a man who had cut his throat in the drawing-room. Not having known the gentleman personally, I rather rejoiced at the incident that trembled, for I used it as a successful argument to obtain a reduction in the premium that was demanded. The house had two rooms on each floor. On the ground floor there was a dining-room, in which I usually sat, for I seldom dined in the house. On the first floor were two drawing rooms. On the second floor I slept, and on the third floor there were the servants. These consisted of a French valet and two maids. Well, I had come one night late and sitting in the dining-room when, at about 2 a.m., I heard a noise which sounded as if all the plates and pots and pans were being thrown about in the kitchen below. I thought at first that it must be one of the servants on the rampage. Then it occurred to me that it might be a thief who, having found some liquor, had got drunk; then that it might be a cat. I dismissed this last idea, because cats may break a plate or a glass by accident, but are not in the habit of playing football with pots and pans. As the noise went on, I thought that I would go down to see what was happening, so, having heated a poker in the fire, so as to be equal to any material foe, I descended with a candle in one hand and the poker in the other. As I approached the kitchen the noise suddenly stopped, and when I entered it there was not a sign of anything having been moved. I went into the scullery to see if any one was there, and there was no one. So I returned to the dining-room, and in half an hour or so I went up to bed. The same thing occurred frequently.

But this was not all. When sitting late in the dining-room with the door open, as the room was apt to get too warm, I often heard what sounded exactly like a man coming up from the kitchen, walking across the hall, and then going up the stairs to the upper floors. I could hear each step distinctly, and the staircase creaking under them. The first time this occurred I supposed that it was the valet, and remained in the dining-room. The next time I went outside as soon as I heard the steps, and the steps seemed to pause; but I saw no one. So soon as I returned into the room I heard them continue, as though someone was ascending to the upper part of the house. This must have happened twenty times. For a considerable time I said nothing to the servants about what I had heard, for I was afraid that if I awakened their suspicions of something uncanny they would get it into their heads that the house was haunted, and give notice. One day, however, I did ask the valet whether he was in the habit of coming in late. He replied: "I suppose that you have heard the footsteps." On my asking what he meant, he said, "We all hear the steps; they come up to our floor and then stop. The maids say that it is the man who cut his throat, but I do not believe in such nonsense."

Now, here we have a man cutting his throat in a house; we have the noises in the kitchen; the footsteps not only frequently heard by me, but heard by the servants without my having said a word about what I heard. The case for a ghost is as complete as in any of the usual tales. Why I heard a noise as if everything in the kitchen was being tumbled about I do not know. Why the footsteps seemed to be heard and the stairs to creak I do not know. It occurred to me that it might have something to do with the water pipes, and I sent for an expert in such matters to investigate, telling him that the water made a noise in the night. He looked into the lay of the pipes, and assured me that this was impossible. I thought that, perhaps, one heard someone going upstairs in the next house; but this, too, was found to be impossible. And even if it had been possible, it would not have accounted for the rattling pots and pans in my kitchen. To this day I have not the slightest idea what caused these noises. About a year ago a friend of mine incidentally mentioned to me that a friend of his lived in the house. I asked him to find out whether the noises were still heard, and it appeared that the actual occupant had never been disturbed. There must be some explanation for these noises. But because I could not hit on it, I am not going to believe that the spirit of a man who cut his throat in the house came back to the premises after death to rattle pots and pans and to take exercise by stalking up the stairs.

Saul believed that Samuel appeared to him at the bidding of a witch. Is it not more probable that the witch played upon him one of the tricks of her trade? So it is with all like appearances. They are illusions or they are the result of some material cause. Sometimes a figure which has formed itself in the brain is projected upon the retina. This is no more wonderful than that a figure striking the retina should convey the consciousness of it to the brain. These figures, if suffered to speak, never say anything worth hearing. As for mediums, I

can conceive telepathy up to a point, but when I have witnessed these exhibitions nothing really occurred that in any way necessarily involved the presence of a spirit, although I have often seen persons worked up into believing whatever the medium sought to impress upon them. I remember one evening many years ago going to see a lady. There were two drawing rooms, and the door between them was closed. On entering the first I was told by the servant that I must remain there, as a spiritual seance was taking place in the other, and that he had orders to prevent any one opening the door until it was over. So I sat down and took up a book. In about a quarter of an hour the door was opened and the mistress of the house came out with a dozen or so guests. Amongst them was the then notorious medium, Home. They all assured me that they had seen a piano pass through the wall dividing the two rooms. When I told them that this was impossible, as I had been sitting in the outer room, and must have remarked a piano arriving in such a fashion, I was regarded as a sceptic who no evidence could convince. Now I have no doubt that they all really imagined that they had seen what they said they did; but obviously it had not occurred. As long as there are credulous people there will be found others to play on their credulity, and to account for their conjuring tricks by having a spirit at their command. They do not know all that there is to be known about the laws of nature—nor do the conjurers who impose on them. Not many years ago if a seer in America had revealed what was going on at the same time in Europe he would have established his reputation for the possession of supernatural gifts; but this has been done regularly for years, and is done now without visible means of communication between the two countries. Very much that is beyond what we now call the laws of nature will be common knowledge and everyday fact amongst future generations. For this reason I do not resort to supernatural explanations of every occurrence the reason of which I do not perceive. If the dead ever communicated with the living there would be instances of such communications having taken place which could be proved beyond all doubt. As it is, the evidence on which they are believed by credulous persons is so weak that no London magistrate would fine a man five shillings upon it for having been drunk and disorderly. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to have a visit from an inhabitant of another world. I do not want him to tell me about myself, but to give me some idea of the conditions under which he is existing. I extend the most cordial invitation to one and all of the dead. Why, if they can communicate with us, should they confine themselves to so few, an these few shady adventurers who want to make money out of their privileged communications? Why not visit me?—London Truth

Music and Drama

De Pachmann, who visited us early in the winter, is still thrilling and amusing large audiences across the border. Last month he raised a regular "social riot" at his recital in St. Louis with one of the big symphony orchestras. The continued applause and shouting after his last number and several final encores had been demanded, worried the conductor, Mr. Zach, who took his stand for the closing number by the orchestra, but the audience wanted De Pachmann, who had been particularly ludicrous in his actions. Zach started the last number, but after a few bars, threw down his baton and dismissed the orchestra. Part of the audience realized the situation and hissed the applauding section in an endeavor to regain order, which had the effect of adding to the tumult. De Pachmann left the hall in a rage. Conductor Zach said "the audience did not want to hear De Pachmann play,—it wanted to see his monkeyshines. It was regular vaudeville the way he jumped up and down, continually talking to the audience and orchestra."

In Chicago De Pachmann's memory played tricks on him. He acknowledged to his audience that he had forgotten the Chopin Scherzo in E Major, and after much waving of hands, he played the "Funeral March." In Philadelphia he had trouble with his piano stool and the light, as usual, and because his audience tittered, he roundly scolded them, saying, "If anybody laughs again I will not play." But art is so beautiful that his audiences will stand his monkey business willingly.

Continued on Page Four

INTERESTING TYPES OF YEARS GONE BY

Mr. Leslie Ward, the caricaturist, who has been famous for nearly forty years as "Spy," has been complaining that the interesting types of years gone by are not to be found nowadays.

"I found some splendid subjects," he said, "in the old days in the lobby of the House of Commons. Nowadays you do not find the interesting types you used to see. Here is old Lord Winchester taking his snuff, carrying an umbrella under his arm, with sandy gloves, the same color as his hair—a wonderful type. Such people do not exist to-day."

"Then there was Bradlaugh. I remember him, a massive man, coming in in a very breezy way and saying to me, 'Well, Mr. Ward, what do you want me to do, to stand on my head or on my heels?'"

"I also remember going to see the second Lord Lytton at Clarendon. He took up a statuette attitude, which was disconcerting for I knew his father, Lord Bulwer Lytton, whom I had caricatured, and remembering his head I felt there must be some resemblance between the two men which was not visible."

"As I was going I could not find any hat, and Lord Lytton, in the most courteous manner, started to look for it. As he walked round the room, in his astrachan coat, his head turned forward, I got the impression most wanted, and all the previous sitting went for nothing."

"At the time that Parnell and Dillon were in prison, Mr. Gibson Bowles, who was then the proprietor of 'Vanity Fair,' asked me to go over and study them. Parnell wrote me a letter saying that he would be happy to see me in Kilmainham, but before I got there another message came to say that he found he was unable to see me, as the prison authorities would not allow him to receive me privately."

"The Prince Imperial I once travelled with to Clislehurst. He was a most charming man, who talked freely of his ambition to go back to France and to be restored to the throne, and he firmly believed he would succeed."

If the dead ever communicated with the living there would be instances of such communications having taken place which could be proved beyond all doubt. As it is, the evidence on which they are believed by credulous persons is so weak that no London magistrate would fine a man five shillings upon it for having been drunk and disorderly. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to have a visit from an inhabitant of another world. I do not want him to tell me about myself, but to give me some idea of the conditions under which he is existing. I extend the most cordial invitation to one and all of the dead. Why, if they can communicate with us, should they confine themselves to so few, an these few shady adventurers who want to make money out of their privileged communications? Why not visit me?—London Truth

An extraordinary story attaches to the play which Robert Lorraine will produce after his present vehicle, "98.9," closes. The play is called, "The Other Side of Love," and the author, who had been assisting in the production of "98.9," died suddenly two weeks ago, after only a few days illness.

He was Harold Bourne, an amazing sort of genius who really belonged in Murger's "Vie de Bohème," instead of grey, steady-going London of to-day. Although probably under 30, he was the hero of more adventures by land and sea than would be believable in a work of fiction. Whenever his lavish disregard of money landed him in embarrassment he would hunt up a typist, and dictate a play, making it up as he went along. It was his boast that he had written a three-act play, complete, in twenty-four hours, and that he never took more than an evening to dictate a sketch. The strange thing about it was that the plays thus turned out were always, or nearly always, saleable. They were so full of ideas and ingenious effects that managers used to buy them outright for a modest amount of cash down, with the intention of turning them over to a steady playwright who would put into them the elbow-grease that poor, careless, generous, open-handed Bourne wouldn't bother himself to supply. But there was more real dramatic invention in him than in a dozen ordinary playwrights, and it is safe to say that in the next two years many of his ideas will find their way to the footlights without his name attached. It is only fair to Lorraine to add that he bought "The Other Side of Love" at an advance on royalty.

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ROYAL SUICIDES OF UGANDA

Some of the curious customs of a pastoral people of Uganda, known as the Banyoro, are told by the Rev. John Roscoe. He said that when once a king was enthroned his person became sacred and his food was restricted to milk and beef from a sacred herd of cows, which were kept apart from other cows.

The Banyoro monarch never allowed himself to grow old or his faculties to become impaired. When he thought he was going to be seriously ill he called a council, arranged the state affairs with the principal chiefs without giving

them any reason for thinking that he was about to die and dismissed them to carry out his instructions.

Then he returned to his private house and summoned his chief wife and ordered her to bring a cup of poison. He drank the contents and in a few minutes was dead. The widow thereupon called one or two of the principal chiefs, who prepare the body for burial. For as long as possible the death was kept secret. Each day the milk and beef were brought to the royal residence, and inquirers were informed that the king was suffering from an indisposition which required him to rest.

In the meantime the chiefs were engaged in making private arrangements to guard the body and protect the sacred herds of cattle during the wars which would follow on the announcement of the death. When the news leaked out the sons of the dead king fought among themselves, brother killing brother. The survivor became king and attended his father's funeral.

At the ceremony several of the widows of the deceased king were clubbed to death, as were the women and the cook. Other widows took poison. All the bodies were placed in the grave, the idea being that their ghosts should minister to the ghost of the king in the next world. When the last king came to the throne the country was a British protectorate.

According to the medicine man the 'god' was displeased and indicated that the first person seen coming along a particular road should be slain over the drum in which human blood was wont to be poured at each coronation. That unfortunate person happened to be a tax gatherer, an Englishman, who was accordingly decapitated. The 'medicine man' was arrested, but the judge liberated him with a caution, taking the view that he acted out of ignorance. The drum, however, was brought by the speaker to England.

THE INVESTOR

The real estate situation in Edmonton has not been as active during the past week as it was for some time previous, though the enormous crowds of newcomers and the large building preparations for the season are showing how well justified the confidence is that the season will be one of exceptional progress. Many reports have been afloat as to the Hudson's Bay Co.'s plans in regard to putting on the Reserve, but there is little doubt that a considerable part of it will be offered this spring. Fifty feet on First, just at the junction with Portage, the day for \$36,000.

The contract has been awarded to C. W. Sharpe & Son of Winnipeg for the C.P.R.'s office building, work on which will be begun immediately, the cost being put at \$350,000.

The Beaver Lake correspondent of the Vegre-

Music and Drama

Continued from Page Three:

The ordinary terms of criticism are quite unnecessary in speaking of the playing of Miss Kathleen Parlow, who again delighted a large Edmonton audience at McDougall Church on Wednesday night. Her appeal is not made to those who judge of a violinist by mere technique. Music in the last analysis should surely be judged not by the skill which the performer displays, but by the pure beauty of what is evolved, and one does not need to have any knowledge of the technical methods employed to appreciate art at its height. This is why Miss Parlow is so popular a figure in the world of music today.

Her programme was an admirable one, and given with a grace and a power that carried everything before her. The opening Sonata, Tartini's "Trille du Diable," was probably the gem of the evening, though the Wieniawski concerto was superbly played, the finale being particularly effective. Of the last suite Tchaikowsky's Melodie might be singled out.

Mr. Max Herzberg was an efficient accompanist and his three solos were all well done, the Chopin number especially.

ville Observer has this to say after discussing an epidemic of measles in the vicinity:

And there are unhealthy symptoms of a different nature that have made their appearance in several households. They are a little difficult to define, but are usually known as Realestatitis or Edmonton City Lots fever; they are mostly characterized by sleeplessness, indifference to wholesome food, disgust for honest labor, rambling talk about auction sales, a morbid craving to leave the farm, general restlessness, continued absences from home, inordinate use of telegraphs and telephones, and other painful manifestations of mental disorganization. No one has actually died of it as yet, but one or two patients are in a condition that is causing serious anxiety to their friends.

A week or so I clipped this interesting item from the Montreal Witness in reference to a big real estate transaction in that city:

For \$1,200,000, the Grey Nuns have sold their property on the south side of St. Catherine Street, between Guy and St. Matthew Streets. The purchaser is Mr. George F. Harrison, of Boston, who represented a syndicate of capitalists of New York and Boston. The price paid for the block was \$20 per square foot; the plot having a frontage of 510 feet on St. Catherine Street, and a straight depth of 120 feet on both Guy and St. Matthew Streets, so that its area is 61,200 square feet.

Mr. Harrison, the purchaser of the property, came to Montreal recently seeking good places in which to invest a big block of capital. In his search for such a property he visited the Burland Realty Company, and Mr. Burland took him out to see the Grey Nuns' block. It suited him well, and calling his American friends on the long distance telephone the deal was soon completed, the initial payment on the property being in the neighborhood of \$400,000.

The sale of the vacant block has been expected. About six weeks ago, the 'Street' said that negotiations were in progress for its sale; then ten days ago it was transferred to Mr. P. Reilly, who represented an Ottawa syndicate. At that time the price was said to be \$20 per foot, but the 'Witness' learned this morning that Mr. Reilly paid but \$17.50 for it, so that he made a snug profit of \$169,000 in ten

Continued on Page Eight

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We have been specially favored with an abundance of sunshine during the past month and expect to have a good supply of Easter Flowers.

Our Cut Flowers and Plants in regard to quality and quantity will be difficult to excel, and will offer our customers a splendid choice.

We invite you to visit our greenhouses to enjoy our lovely floral display. For those unable to come during the day, we have arranged to keep the greenhouses open in the evenings of the first week in April and also all day on Good Friday.

You will find our prices reasonable, and while we expect to have plenty of flowers to supply all, we would suggest the early placing of your orders. You thus get a better choice and we are enabled to take more time in filling your order.

We cannot promise to deliver any goods ordered after 6 o'clock April 6th.

Price List

Easter Cut Flowers

Easter Lillies, per dozen	\$3.00
Carnations, Red, White and Pink per dozen	\$1.50
Daffodils, Yellow, double and single, per dozen	\$1.00
Tulips, Yellow, Red, Pink, double and single, per dozen	75c and \$1.00
Narcissus-Poeticus, Fragrant flowers, white with yellow centre, per dozen	\$.50
Lilly of the Valley, per doz., 75c and \$1.00	
Hyacinths, Lovely fragrant trusses, white, pink, blue, per dozen	\$1.50
Iris Spanish, a very beautiful flower and quite new, per dozen	\$1.50
Rhododendrons, Fine bushy plants, each	\$5.00 to \$7.50

Easter Plants

Azaleas, white, red, pink, well covered with flowers, each	\$3.00 to \$5.00
Easter Lillies, fine plants with heavy foliage, each	75c to \$3.00
Roses, Baby Rambler, crimson flowers, each	\$1.00 to \$1.50
Spireas, A graceful plant in white or pink, each	\$1.00 to \$2.00
Calla Lillies, A number of these in 8 in pots, each	\$1.00 to \$2.00
Hyacinths, from one to three in pot, each	50c to \$1.00
Tulips, in 6 in. pots, each	60c to 75c
Lilly of the Valley, in 5 or 6 in. pots, each	75c to \$1.00

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SECRETS OF VERSAILLES

(Paris correspondence New York Times.)

Remarkable discoveries throwing considerable light on the original architecture of the famous Palace of Versailles, have just been made in the course of excavations now being made there by builders to carry out repairs. A number of underground passages, dating from the time of Louis XIII., and carefully lined with slabs of stone, have been laid bare. These were at first thought to have been drains, but it is declared impossible that they should have been used for that purpose, and it is considered probable that they served the purpose of secret communication between the different parts of the

palace. In one of them a skeleton was found enclosed in a coffin, but both were unfortunately destroyed by the workmen before being seen by those in charge. A fact which is astonishing French architects is that the foundations of this vast building are not only very shallow, without cellars, but are laid on a very light and unstable bed of sand, and it is asked how the builders of the time had the courage to erect such a magnificent fabric on such a subsoil. It has been discovered, however, that in order to avoid danger of collapse enormous underground walls were constructed, so thick and solid that the workmen have had a difficult task in piercing them. These walls did not sustain any weight, but served as links connecting va-

rious parts of the building and keeping them in position. To keep these walls themselves in place on the shifting sand, the spaces between them were taken up by a network of smaller walls, forming small chambers, which were filled with gravel.

These excavations, at first undertaken solely for making repairs, have proved so important that they are shortly to be described in a book by a well known architect, who declares that he is now able to reconstruct the plans of the original exterior of the palace, none of which now remains. It is stated that he will also prove that the architect who under Louis XIII built the first palace was not, as is supposed, Lemercier or Debrosse, but Philibert Le Roy.

WOMEN IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA

TELL OF THE HEALTH DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS BRING

They Made a New Woman of Mrs. Elie Amiralet Who Was a Victim of Kidney Disease for over a Year.

Amiralet's Hill, Yarmouth Co., N.S., Mar. 25 (Special).—"Four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new woman of me." These are the words of Mrs. Elie Amiralet of this place. They are words that have been used again and again by women in all parts of Canada who have suffered, and who have found relief and cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered for over a year from kidney disease," Mrs. Amiralet continues. "Nothing I tried helped me. At last some one told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had finished the first box I felt better. Four boxes made a new woman of me." No remedy ever given to the public has brought health and happiness into the lives of so many women as Dodd's Kidney Pills. This is because nine-tenths of the ills to which women are subject come from diseased kidneys. No woman who uses Dodd's Kidney Pills can have diseased kidneys. They always cure the kidneys.

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Home and Society

Mrs. Scoble will not receive again this season.

Mrs. Howard Douglas will not receive on Wednesday, nor until further notice. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas have bought Dr. Irving's house on 13th street, and are moving in this week.

Mrs. Howard Ritchie will receive on Wednesday, her guest, Miss Hall, of Dunnville, assisting her.

Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Polchampton, and Mr. Ernie Ferris, left last Saturday on a trip to the Coast, joining Dr. and Mrs. Ferris, who are on their way home from California, in Vancouver.

Mrs. Graydon has returned from a visit to Regina.

Mrs. Charlesworth entertained six friends at a jolly little tea-party at the "Blue Moon" on Saturday, her guests being Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mrs. Scoble, Madame Thibaudan, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, and Mrs. Dickins, who foretold some wonderful fortunes by the tea-cups.

"I hear that Miss Katherine Hughes is expected home some time in Easter week, and that she is feeling in splendid health after her delightful trip.

Miss Cornelia Hughes expects to leave for Nova Scotia some time in April.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. MacNamara are other returning holidayers, being due to arrive in Edmonton early next month.

Mrs. Elwood Moore and Mrs. Reynolds were drinking tea with a few friends at the Blue Moon on Saturday, Mrs. Cantley, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Howard Douglas, and Mrs. Henwood being their guests.

On Tuesday His Honor and Mrs. Bulyea took Mrs. Parlow and Miss Kathleen Parlow for a long drive about the city, the party later on going to the Blue Moon, where Mrs. Sifton entertained at a smart little tea in their honor, the others in the party being: The Premier, Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mrs. Horace Harvey, and Mrs. Balmer Watt.

A host of pink tulips decorated the tea table, laden with the most delicious dainties, and Mrs. Sifton poured tea in a pleasant, informal home fashion.

Miss Parlow, besides being a great artist, is a very charming girl, and most refreshingly modest.

As I think over the pleasant hour spent over the tea cups, I recollect that there was absolutely no mention made of the young artist's "wonderful fidelity," or any of that sort of thing but that Miss Parlow told us some deliciously amusing stories of some experiences she has had in the course of her career.

The Premier and his family, and Mrs. Harvey are old friends of both Mrs. and Miss Parlow, and an exquisite shower of coral pink carnations, presented at the concept, came from the Chief Justice and Mrs. Harvey.

Madame Cote, who was taken suddenly ill a little over a week ago, and removed to the Hospital for an operation, returned home on Tuesday, and while still very weak, is making an excellent recovery.

A large and brilliant audience assembled in the McDougall Methodist Church on Wednesday evening to hear Miss Kathleen Parlow in a very beautiful Violin Recital.

After the account of it in the morning's paper, I am stricken dumb to know what else I could add to so monumental a collection of adjectives.

To paint the lily, or criticize so great an artist, is utterly beyond me. I could only sit like a child at her feet, and clap my hands, and dream dreams.

Society turned out in large numbers to the artistic event, and well up to the front I noticed the Government House party, the party from "Garrykennagh," including Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Clark Dennis, and Mr. Bob Gibson, the ladies very smartly frocked. Chief Justice and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar, with their dinner guests, Mr. Masten of Toronto, and Mr. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Hurd, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Saunders and the Misses Saunders, Miss Dubuc, Mr. Spetia, Mr. and Mrs. Bowker, Mr. and Mrs. Scoble, Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth, Miss Boucher, Mr. Pinder, Miss Cuthbert, Mr. Harry Hynman and many more.

Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson are moving this week-end from their quarters in the Corona, to a suite in the Rene Lemarchand Block.

Mrs. Frederick Jamieson and young son, Paddy, are home from a fine trip to the Coast, both looking splendidly for the rest and change. Mrs. Jamieson will resume her former reception days.

Miss McKeogh, of Chatham, who is visiting Mrs. Wallbridge, has been the guest-of-honor of several jolly parties.

On Friday, Mrs. Geo. Stockand had a small tea for her, the hostess receiving in a pretty gown of Dresden silk with garnitures of Baby Irish lace, and Paddy Green velvet. The tea table, done in lovely golden daffodils, was presided over by Mrs. Cameron, while Miss Nesta Mercer assisted.

The same evening Mrs. Malcolmson gave a four table bridge for the same popular guest, receiving in a handsome costume of King's Blue satin, veiled in ninon and trimmed with a fichu of Duchess lace.

The guests were all of the unmarried persuasion, and the prize-winners were: Miss Bouchier, Miss Ruth Harvey, Mr. Church and Mr. Gough.

Mrs. R. W. Jones entertained at a jolly three-table bridge on Monday evening. The fortunate prize winners were: Mrs. Fairchild and Miss Cornelia Hughes.

The marriage of Miss Marion Creelman, daughter of Mr. A. R. Creelman, to Mr. E. B. Savage, takes place quietly soon after Easter.

The Principal of Guelph public schools and Mrs. David Young announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lila Gertrude, to Mr. John Macdonald Anderson, of Edmonton, the wedding to take place quietly at the end of March.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, President of the Women's Canadian Club, entertained the officers of the club to a most enjoyable tea at the Blue Moon on Friday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. O. C. Edwards, of Macleod, and Mrs. Stuart, of Calgary, who is President of the Women's Canadian Club of the Southern City.

The engagement is announced of Olive, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Mitchell, of Otonabee, to Mr. Hugh J. Hall of Edmonton, son of Mr. W. A. Hall, Peterboro. The marriage takes place quietly on Wednesday, March 27.—Toronto Globe.

Mr. Allan Dowling, of Ottawa, who has recently made Edmonton his home, is expected any day in

Continued on Page Eight

THE MIRROR

Continued from Page Two

above stairs for week-end visitors or members, card-rooms, fine stables, and a large garage. There is no end to the splendid accommodation.

The ladies have a rest-room all to themselves. There are shower-baths for both men and women.

When Calgary sets out to do a thing she does it, believe me.

Calgary residences, too, are away and ahead of ours at the Capital. I mean they don't seem to build so many after one family pattern.

Out in Elbow Park, at a bend of the river, Mr. Bert Woods of the Calgary Herald has built himself a home, cosmopolitan in its charm. Inside and out, it is a delight to the eyes. Englishmen visiting Calgary pronounce it a "little bit of home."

Those who have the great pleasure of spending any time under its roof come at once to realize that it is possible to have quite as charming a home "out West" as it ever was back East.

Mr. Nolan, too, Mr. Patrick Nolan, has a very fine house just recently completed. Oak floors throughout, beautiful panelling, a very fine library, big enough even to accommodate all the clients who stand in need of his services, and that is saying something.

But all over the city are springing up homes that would be noticeable in any community, however large. The hotel accommodation, too, has improved wonderfully.

"Braemar Lodge," of course, still holds its unique position as the smartest and most generally-favored hostelry, for those who prefer a home-like and exclusive retreat, but the new hotels, and the old Alberta are doing a tremendous business.

I had tea one afternoon at the King George with the Calgary Women's Press Club, and besides having a delightful little party with a group of charming girls, I had an opportunity to see what strides are being made towards making Calgary a more attractive centre from a stranger's point of view.

Early in April, the Horse Show will be on, and already the shops were full of smart togs for the big social event.

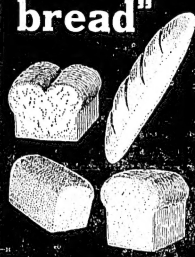
I wonder more people don't take it in from Edmonton.

But we are such a self-satisfied crowd. With "our" Exhibition on, not very long after, well of course.

But still the Horse Show really is worth going to.

Peggy

"More bread & better bread"



PURITY FLOUR

SORCERY IN FRANCE
(London Correspondence New York Sun.)

An extraordinary story comes from Calais. While a sergeant was on guard before the postern gate of the old citadel two black veiled women glided slowly into view, and one of the visitors stretched herself out on the damp grass with arms extended in the form of a cross. The other with a small spade began hastily to dig a hole in the ground. In it she placed a package wrapped in white linen, covered it as quickly as possible, and with her companion disappeared as silently as they had come.

Under the idea that he had witnessed the closing scenes of an infanticide, the sergeant notified the authorities, and the package was disinterred, and taken to the police headquarters. At the same time a doctor was summoned, who at once began to unwrap the parcel.

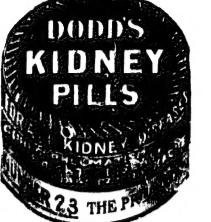
What was the astonishment of the investigators finally to discover, not the remains of a child but merely a pig's heart. And in what a condition! It was pierced through and through in every direction with no fewer than 113 pins and was also traversed with a dagger.

In fact the authorities were faced with a case of "envoiment," one of the favorite forms of sorcery in the Middle Ages, which borrowed it from antiquity. It was then practised very generally, together with the "black mass," the "reptile sacrament," human sacrifices, and other superstitious relics of barbarism.

The method was adopted as follows: Some hairs or articles of clothing of the person to be bewitched were procured, and an animal was chosen to represent this person, and was named after him. The creature was first placed in contact with the victim's belongings, and then slain with a magic dagger.

Its heart was taken out and wrapped, if possible, in the person's clothes, and during three days pins and nails were driven through it to an accompaniment of curses and maledictions. It was believed that all the tortures inflicted on the dead animal's heart would be endured by the living individual.

A much more common way, however, was to mould a wax image of the person to be bewitched, and to dress it in the clothes he or she usually wore. The waxen doll was cursed and tortured in the hour that the person would suffer the same.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS



The send-off which the game of cricket received at the smoker under the auspices of the Edmonton City League at the Corona last Thursday night has done much to hearten up those who want to see the game flourish and believe its success in Canada means much to the future of the country.

In this department of the Saturday News for several years back it has been pointed out that the hope of the game lay in the establishment of such a league. No game can go ahead without plenty of matches to play, and the distances are too great to secure enough of these with teams representing other places.

The various clubs that have entered the league are not lacking in enthusiasm. The great trouble that will likely be experienced is in the way of grounds. The city should do all that lies in its



Frank H. Gasson
Vice-President Alberta Cricket Association, and Hon. Secretary Edmonton City and County Cricket League.

power to help them out. When the money was voted for the establishment of the Exhibition grounds, it was on the distinct understanding that good athletic fields would be laid out there. This idea should be carried out energetically this season, and other grounds be provided in other parts of the city as well. Every game would take on a new life if the city only did its duty.

In other years when the Edmonton cricket club has put teams in the field to play other city teams, the latter have been completely outmatched. It would be a serious mistake if this were allowed to happen in connection with the league. The old club ought to be able to provide two elevens with the best players as equally divided as possible.

For the energy Mr. Gasson has displayed in connection with the league he deserves all kinds of credit and should be given the very best support both from players and from those whose playing days are over, but who wish to see cricket take its proper place.

The victory of the Winnipeg Victorias in the Allan Cup contests, sweeping as it was, has been very popular among all lovers of the best in amateur sport. There never were teams that did the Canadian winter game more credit than those which represented Winnipeg ten and fifteen years ago, when the Stanley Cup was played for by athletes of the type that was intended by Lord Stanley, and the revival of the old time spirit is a matter of general congratulation.

The Winnipeg Free Press says of the champions: "Here in Canada we love to applaud the feats of the athlete who is born in the town, who is developed in the town and who prefers to play for the home burg and that without any hope of reward other than his share in the fame that may come to his club or the place of his birth. It is much nicer for the fan who goes to a contest to watch the performances of a youth with whose father, brother or some other member of the family he is acquainted, and he will be satisfied with a little less skill and a little less finish as long as he knows the boy or his people. The amateur champions of the world are with one exception Winnipeg born and bred and have learned

their hockey on their own rules. It is all the more credit to the Victorias that they have won from an aggregation that has been gathered from all parts of Ontario."

The Eaton tennis club may have technically measured up to the requirements, did not serve the purpose of a summer sport. It was undoubtedly a collection of players gotten together for no other purpose than to advertise the business establishment where they were located. It is had enough for a town to collect a hockey team from the ends of the Dominion for an advertisement.

But it is worse to have the game used for private advertising purposes.

Alberta's most distinguished citizen, Mr. Tommy Burns of Calgary, champion prize fighter of the world, has issued a challenge to his whilom conqueror, the present holder of the title. He would like a fight under the rules in Alberta on Labor Day. The attendance of the department might have something to say to the matter. But a little think like that will be sufficient with the newspaper discussion at his table with a few more tenths of every prize fight.

But whether the title goes pulled off in Alberta or not, it is to be hoped that the plucky Calgary man will be able to win this chance. He put up a great fight against a heavy odds when Johnson won the title in Australia, and is entitled to an opportunity to show his iron will come back. As for the morality of the fight, there is very much difference between allowing a fight on the one hand and having our dailies pick it up. If the space describing it as they would like to pick it up in Reno?

Fred Merkle, baseball brain-man of the New York Giants, who was himself a figure in one of the historic incidents of baseball when his team lost the championship through his failure to touch second, has had a great deal of attention recently. The Baseball Magazine recently published an interesting contribution to the subject. It said in part:

Among all baseball brains there is scarce one of the very easiest to fool, and a much better low a bench end when he has done something which disappoints you or costs you money and so on. Happened in the historic Merkle case.

This was one of the most cases of injustice in all the annals of baseball. Merkle was careless, to be sure, but without dropping it on many others had done without similar things.

Merkle was to maintain an order thing; he had a manager who carefully looked after his criticism of the bleachers. He only told him that he continued Merkle on the payroll without question, and the fact that his judgment was worth some twenty dollars a year and that he had a job was a manager, is shown by the gradual development of Merkle from the acknowledged champion of the world into the most finished player in the league at his own difficult position.

Merkle's expert mind was a model for all discouraged players who find their work unappreciated and their best efforts unappreciated. Merkle said nothing at the immense amount of criticism that was heaped upon his head. He was a little bit of a hero, but he thought a great deal and would not let himself be led. He profited by the bitter experience of his own, reaping the reward of his conscientious standers just as he should do.

And that McGraw's business was a manager of his star first baseman on his own team for all time. This is a fair measure of the respect in which he is held as a baseball player.

As a matter of fact the incident reflected not so much discredit on McGraw as on baseball itself. The game was fairly well over when the star started to run to the clubhouse and he had been running for some time. The winning run had been made by a safe hit. It was a pure technicality that was not a sport and sportsman ship that was wrong in the game, not a technical advantage of it.

The trainer of the United States team for the Olympic games at Stockholm says he is not very optimistic as to the prospects of the New York Press, Parker recreation club.

"We are not going to the Olympics this year prepared as we should be, as we are going to get together enough good men to make a good showing. Athletics in England has a long way to go before we can start preparing for an Olympic team two years ago, but now with the games only a few months away, we have a year to start.

"I am absolutely sure that the absolute ignorance of many of our athletes is a pity. Why, some of them do not know the difference between a good and a bad player. Many of them do not know enough to rub themselves down after a race. When I ask these fellows what they are doing they follow in training they say: 'We have no system, we really have not thought much about training, you know.' It is typical of England's laziness in the way of doing things. This putting off everything till the last minute and then making a frantic dash to get ready for the games. England is a long way from being a power in the running events in the Olympic games, but in the fields we will be nowhere. Our athletes will have to depend on Scotchmen and Irishmen to hold the Yankee in

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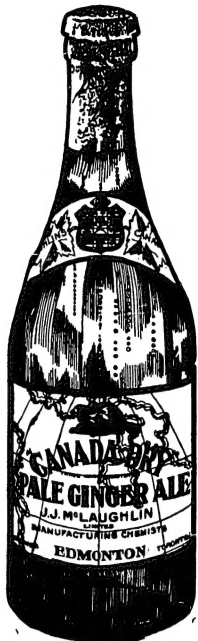
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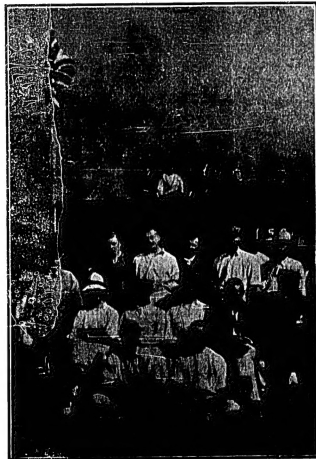
check, and even then I expect little more than an absolute rout for our boys."

In the past it has been a matter of boast that Englishmen could win track events without having to go into the severe training required in the United States. But there is, of course, no use of attempting to make a showing without some training.

The most recent issue of The Sydney Sportsman to hand, in an outspoken article on Australian cricket, says:

"We are of the opinion that the majority of the supporters of cricket must feel more respect for the player who openly sells his services as against the player who surreptitiously does the same thing. A fair and honest definition of amateurism would not, we are afraid, include many who play cricket. That it would not include those players who go to form the Australian eleven we have no doubt. It is, however, considered politic by the Board of Control to make no deep scrutiny into the question of amateurism in relation to Australian eleven teams.

"In the past the greedy grab for gold on the part of a few old Australian eleven 'battlers' amounted to



An Eleven of the Edmonton Cricket Club

almost a scandal. Players outside of the 'battlers' could not find a place in the team, or, if public opinion demanded their inclusion, the 'battlers' forced the unwanted player to accept a reduced share of the profits arising from the tour. This form of cricket sweating was only one of several devices whereby the old gang built up extra profits for the favored few.

"The fact that a few of the best cricketers in Australia, while wanting to be ranked as amateurs, are so anxious to control the cash end of cricket, must give the public food for thought. . . . Are 'The Players' to be permitted to dictate to the Board of Control? Is cricket, under such conditions, such as Australia favors or the board should sanction?"

It is apparent that once it becomes popular, cricket, like every other game, is exposed to great evils. What Major Griesbach had to say at the smoker the other night about its being an amateur sport is, of course, not at all true in respect to the Old Country, where as a rule there are not more than two or three amateurs on a county team, while in Australia the worst possible condition exists, that of professionals masquerading as amateurs.

One hardly knows whether to read as a reflection on the Iron Chancellor's own trade or as a tribute from a great man to the qualities of sportsmanship this anecdote, which I find in some recently published reminiscences of Bismarck, says "Jack at Play" in the Toronto Globe.

Just then the chaplain of the ambulance, the Abbe Bolard, came up, and asked, "But M. le Comte, if you did not want war, what was the meaning of the Hohenzollern candidature?" to which Bismarck replied textually, "Upon my word! Did anyone really swallow that? M. de Gramont is too refined a gentleman and too good a sportsman to be a good politician. That was invented to force on war."

Scotland has turned out some remarkable athletes, but none more remarkable than Leslie M. Balfour Melville, who represented her at Rugby football so far back as 1872. But this was only one of the sports in which this versatile Scotsman excelled. He was open amateur golf champion in 1895, and runner up in 1899, and has won thirty-one St. Andrew's medals. He was lawn tennis champion of Scotland in 1879 and was one of the best cricketers in Scotland for the twenty years from 1870 to 1900. Though he is now fifty-eight years old, he retains his interest in sport. There are probably few men in the world of athletics who have excelled in so many departments, and Leslie M. Balfour Melville will always be regarded by Scotsmen as one of the world's greatest athletes.



Lest anybody should run away with the impression that life is dull in Calgary since the car-shop excitement passed over, the Albertan publishes the following report of the experiences on a Saturday afternoon of three Boy Scouts:

On Saturday P. L. Raby and I left for our 14-mile walk to Twin Bridges. We started from the city hall at 2 p.m. and walked up Seventh avenue to Ninth street west, where we saw Nos. 3 and 4 red line cars meet each other and a red and blue line car going up to Hillhurst, but it was too far away to see its number. We then followed up Ninth street to Louise bridge, which we crossed, and in doing so met some scouts of No. 6 troop. We then followed up the boulevard as far as the last houses. Going up it we saw a freight train loaded, doubtlessly, with coal. We then followed the trail across to the car-line, and walked along it for a mile without hardly seeing anything worthy of our notice. Then we crossed a dry slough and saw Shaganappi on the other side of the river. Then we walked along the car line and we were soon at Mr. Jewitt's house. Mr. Jewitt was on the veranda and we spoke to him. We then crossed Hextail bridge and we were offered a ride by a teamster, which we declined, telling him that we were bound to walk. We struck across the prairie to a point about one mile and a half below Twin Bridges, and in due time arrived there and camped on the island between the two bridges. I took my billy and cooked some beefsteak, which, considering the circumstances and the short time I gave it to cook, was quite good. After resting a little while we started on our return journey. Midway between Hextail bridge and Shaganappi we saw a freight train; it was going very slowly and we saw it shunting as we got opposite Shaganappi; it left

THE CABBAGE VINDICATED

A candidate for something or another in New York has adopted the picture of a cabbage head as his official emblem. We don't know this man; we have no knowledge of what he is running for or why he is running; but we hope he will be elected. We entertain this hope solely in the interests of justice to the cabbage head. By a vicious but familiar process of degeneration in language the cabbage head has suffered unjustly. It has come to be recognized as a cabbage head you indicate that in your opinion he is lacking in intelligence; though why the cabbage head should have descended to such ignoble use no one seems able to explain.

It is time that a word of fair play should be uttered for the much-abused cabbage head. It is a very respectable member of a very respectable family. It is not usually regarded as an ornament; but in its way it is quite as wonderful in its development and organization as many of its vegetable neighbors that are more highly esteemed. Consider how its leaves are arranged and compacted. Can even the rose show anything better? Consider the delicate gradations of color, from cream, white to the most restful green. Did you ever see a green rose? No sir. With all its pomp and glory the rose has its limitations. It may, figuratively speaking, turn green with envy; but the very envy serves but to emphasize its restrictions.

In the matter of small, of course, it may be that the advantages are all with the rose. But tastes differ. The cabbage head is not without its odor, too, as every housewife knows, and that the odor is not ungrateful is known to every man who, with appetite on edge, has scented from afar the pot of corned beef and cabbage or the dish of bacon and greens.

Let the unworthy stigma be removed from the cabbage head, and let it come to be accepted as the emblem of what is faithful, truthful and useful.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

WAR AS A SPORT

The Paris journal, Le Monde Illustré, publishes a remarkable and highly characteristic letter from George Bernard Shaw in connection with an international referendum on war.

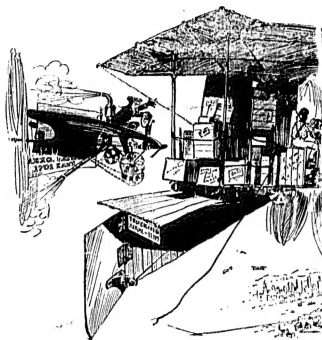
"War," Mr. Shaw says, "is not a necessity; it is a game. It is indeed the highest of sports, because men, as well as animals, are hunted and killed in it. Like all sports, it is hedged round with a code of artificial rules, the object of which is to restrict the possible results within tolerable limits."

He proceeds to draw a detailed parallel between war and boxing, pointing out that, just as hitting below the belt, putting the eyes out, and similar things are ruled out because, if they were allowed, the contest would degenerate from a sport into a brutal battle, so explosive bullets, the slaughter of non-combatants, pillage and rapine are forbidden in modern warfare. Red Cross services for the aid of the injured are organized and protected, and congresses are held from time to time at Geneva and The Hague to maintain the beauty of the ancient sport (for as such it is still considered) by putting new restrictions on its more unpleasant features. However, Mr. Shaw continues, these congresses have not succeeded in restoring the ancient etiquette of former times, when war was the sport of kings. He goes on:

"From the time when the French Revolution made it a democratic affair there has been growing a rather vulgar tendency to take it more and more seriously."

Napoleon, according to the time honored rules, was beaten at Marano, but he changed this defeat into a victory by refusing to accept the referee's verdict and making a fresh attack when the contest was strictly speaking, over and the Austrians had gone home to rest.

Why buy mixtures known as alum baking powder when you can just as well, and at no more expense, get Magic Baking Powder? The ingredients are plainly printed on each package. See if this is one of the others. All Grocers are authorized to quote that "Magic" does not contain alum.



HANDLING AERO TRAFFIC IN 1950

The Fly Cop: "Hey! the next time I catch you up here in the speedy strata with a load on like that, I'll take you down. Mind, now!"—Judge.

two cars there, while it took about six loaded with brick and took them into the city. It was now getting dark. The last Bowness car had already passed us. We hurried through the dark prairie, being barked at by the dogs, whose number was legion. It was one quarter past eight when we got among the first houses of Hillhurst. We now passed through the streets and got home by nine p.m.

Respectfully submitted,

G. E. QUIRIN.

P. L. Tigers, C. of R. Troop.

P.S.—I will hand in my map when completed.

As if this were not stirring enough for one issue the Albertan publishes right alongside the Boy Scout department some of the letters to that eminent heart specialist, Laura Jane Libbey. Here are two that are full of the direct tragedy:

"Dear Miss Libbey: About one year ago I had a good position in a little town in Alberta. I met one of my girl school chums, and one evening she met me on the street and she invited me to her home for tea. Just to be friendly I went to her house. This continued quite frequently. I had no idea that she loved me, but she told me later that she did. I told her I did not love her, and another thing I was too young to even think of these things yet, and

Continued on Page Eight



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Home and Society

Continued From Page Five

the city after spending a couple of months in Ottawa.

Mrs. Bulyea entertained at a beautiful luncheon of nine covers at Government House on Thursday, the table being exquisitely arranged with a great basket of purple and white hyacinths and fern, and lit by green-shaded candle-lights.

Mrs. Bulyea wore the elegant Paddy Green Charmeuse creation; so much admired at her opening reception, and the guests were Mrs. Mitchell, sr., Mrs. O. C. Edwards of Macleod, Mrs. Muir Edwards, Mrs. Nobles, Mrs. Mould, Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr, Mrs. W. O. Farquharson, sr., of Halifax, and Miss Cross of Toronto.

On Monday evening a number of the young bachelors who have been prominent members of the Assembly Dances, gave a dance in the large dining room of the Corona, when Turner's Orchestra supplied the music, and all the arrangements were very well carried out indeed.

The break in Lent was a welcome one to most of the younger set, and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Calderon, and Mrs. Nightingale were the three patronesses, the latter being prevented at the last moment from being present.

Some of those present were:

Mrs. Pardee in gold charmeuse, with handsome Persian embroideries and lace.

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"MUSTACH."

"Dear Miss Libbey: I have just been married since October, and my husband works in a shop here. They have employed a stenographer, who, I think, is paying too much attention to my husband, which he returns. His chair is right beside hers, and I feel sure they hold hands when the boss is not in. Please advise me what you would do in my case to retain his love.

DOWNHEARTED."

Hostess (pairing off the guests): Mr. Parvenu, you will please take Miss Gummwell out to dinner. Parvenu—Eh! Why I thought you were havin' the dinner here in the house.

'My mother's awful generous,' said the New Boy. She knows I hate to take my cod liver oil, so she gives me a nickel every time I take it.'

'How often do you take it?' queried the Other Boy.

'Three times a day.'

'Gee,' sighed the other in hopeless envy at such wealth. 'Fifteen cents a day! How do you ever spend it all?'

'I don't. She takes care of it for me. And when there are enough nickels to make a dollar, she—'

'Hands it over to you?'

'No. She buys another bottle of cod liver oil.'

'What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor?' asked her mother.

'Oh, we were discussing our kith and kin,' replied the young lady.

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'Yeth, they wath, mother. I hard 'em. Mr. Thmitch ask for a kith and she thaid, "You kin."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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"Got any tobacco?" was the next remark of the new-comer.

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So deeply intent was he that he failed to hear the door pushed open, or to see the little golden head which was thrust into his office.

At last a deep sob attracted his attention. Looking up, he saw a small boy, with tear-streaked face and watery eyes.

"Well, my lad," said the lawyer, "and what do you want?"

"Are you a lawyer," asked the lad, stuffing a grimy fist into each eye, and marking time with his whimpering.

"Yes, sonnie," came the reply. "That's my calling in life.

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The Investor

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This particular line is our special in long kid gloves, made from choice French kid, in 20 button length.....\$2.50

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With pearl neck beads, so fashionable this season, women will be quick to make selection early from these newals. Shown in one two or three strand; threaded on with good clasp. Priced at

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**JOHNSTONE WALKER
LIMITED**
JANUARY 1912

Easter Sunday

Correct Custom Tailored
Clothes

For Spring
1912

New High-Grade Materials, the skill of the expert Tailor and the New Fashion Plates are now at your command.

:: PRICED MODESTLY ::

The standard of appearance in Greater Edmonton is just as high as it is in London or New York. You are judged by the same standard. We guarantee identically the same.

La Fleche Bros.

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- Teakettle Inn -

"OPEN ALL DAY"

7.30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

BREAKFAST-LUNCHEON-SUPPER

Afternoon Tea Served, After Theatre Parties and Catering for Special Functions.

617 FOURTH STREET



A Diamond

It makes no difference—the price or size—for it has had the greatest care in selecting from the many lines shown by leading importers of Europe. And our Factory makes it show off to the Best Advantage by Mounting it in just the right Setting.

Many are to be seen in Platinum and Platinum Tipped Setting with Plain or Fancy Shanks.

The most Beautiful are to be seen at

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Diamond Merchants and
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Branch, 350 Namayaw.

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Thursday afternoon
at 2 p. m.

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CANADIAN NORTHERN RY.
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Home and Society

Continued From Page Five

the city after spending a couple of months in Ottawa.

Mrs. Bulyea entertained at a beautiful luncheon of nine covers at Government House on Thursday, the table being exquisitely arranged with a great basket of purple and white hyacinths and fern, and lit by green-shaded candle-lights.

Mrs. Bulyea wore the elegant Paddy Green Charmeuse creation; so much admired at her opening reception, and the guests were Mrs. Mitchell, sr., Mrs. O. C. Edwards of Macleod, Mrs. Muir Edwards, Mrs. Nobles, Mrs. Mould, Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr, Mrs. W. O. Farquharson, sr., of Halifax, and Miss Cross of Toronto.

On Monday evening a number of the young bachelors who have been prominent members of the Assembly Dances, gave a dance in the large dining room of the Corona, when Turner's Orchestra supplied the music, and all the arrangements were very well carried out indeed.

The break in Lent was a welcome one to most of the younger set, and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Calderon, and Mrs. Nightingale were the three patronesses, the latter being prevented at the last moment from being present.

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